

## SHE SAW MANY YAQUIS.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH MEXICAN SAVAGES.

An Exciting Honeymoon for a Young Bride—Sleeping in a Hut With a Pistol Loaded for Murder—White Men—Her Story of the Strange Experience.

To sleep with her pistol by her side, with no companion but a faithful dog, in an old adobe in the heart of a hostile Indian country; to lie in her clothes, night after night, while her husband watched beside her, rifle in hand, ready for attack; to know that within rifle shot were 3,000 Indians armed with Mausers who might make an assault at any minute; to be stuck all night in a small river steamer, hung up on a sand bar, between banks on which the redmen were committing hourly depredations—such has been the experience of Mrs. W. W. Percival of this city. Says the San Francisco Chronicle:

'She accompanied her husband to the little town of Potam, on the Yaqui River, in the State of Sonora, Mexico, some ten months ago. It was their honeymoon trip. Mr. Percival had accepted a contract to manage a flour mill owned by wealthy Mexicans at Potam, and as there was no thought of danger from the Indians at that time he took his wife with him. Potam is a short distance below Guaymas. The latter place they left in a small steamer, which makes the short stretch down the Gulf of California to the mouth of the Yaqui River, on which Potam is situated, about ten hours inland.

When the Percivals arrived the Yaquis and the Mexicans had been at peace over a year. They had signed a treaty of peace, the Indians had been given Mauser rifles and stores of ammunition and \$200 a man, and there were no indications of the war now raging in and about Sonora. But the Indians were discontented; they had the same old story to tell about the seizure of their land and the breaking of the articles of the treaty. They took council among themselves; their rifles and ammunition were counted up, war dances were held, strongholds in the adjoining mountains were fortified, and finally on July 21 last came the outbreak which precipitated the war.

Mrs. Percival was in Potam at the time. Her experiences were such as fall to but few American women in these days. Her tale reads like one from the story of some pioneer. The shots and shouts of the savage Yaquis disturbed her waking hours and pursued her in her dreams. When the danger increased her husband insisted on her return to civilization. She went three leagues overland from Potam to a place called the Medano, where she boarded the small steamer that took her to Guaymas. Only a short time before the Indians had captured a launch at the Medano and murdered its occupant; they also overtook and killed parties on the Potam road.

It was with no little trepidation, therefore, that Mrs. Percival undertook her trip home. Her anxiety was increased shortly after leaving the Medano, when the steamer grounded on a sand bar and stuck fast. Fortunately she escaped without mishap, and reached Guaymas in safety. She arrived in San Francisco a few days ago, and is now with her mother, Mrs. A. Buckelew. Mrs. Percival shows the effect of her brief residence in the Yaqui country. She has lost much flesh and looks weak and ill. But that she is a brave little woman, her modestly told story testifies.

'I accompanied my husband to Potam ten months ago,' she said. 'It was our wedding trip. He had good opportunities offered him down there in the flour mill business, and so we went. Potam has about 1,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the bank of the Yaqui River, a narrow stream that runs into the Gulf of California, a short distance below Guaymas. Across the river—not more than half a block away—is a Yaqui pueblo. There were about 1,000 Indians when I arrived, but when I left there were fully 3,000.

'The Indians own all the best land along the river. It is very rich, for the stream overflows its banks and gives the land ample irrigation. Anything will grow there. The Indians raise wheat mostly. Before I left I heard some talk of a cotton raising project, in which English capital was interested. But while the Indians have rich land and are able to raise two crops a year, the Mexicans further away from the river have to depend upon irrigating wells, for the rainfall is insufficient for the crops. The trouble between the Yaquis and the Mexicans arose from the seizure of the rich Indian lands by Mexicans who squatted on it, and from the confiscation of Indian cattle.

'On July 21 a young man named Laurencito Torres, the nephew of Gen. Torres of the Mexican army, was across the river in the Yaqui settlement on business, when he was attacked and murdered. His body was terribly mutilated. When his friends

went to look for him the Yaquis shouted that they had killed him and added: 'Come over and eat him.'

'The Indians were, of course, plainly visible from our side of the stream. We heard their tom-toms beating and their fierce shouting.

As soon as the news of the murder became known, the town was at once put under guard, and so it remained up to the time I left, on Aug. 19. Fontes, who was Mayor, Chief of Police and everything else, issued arms and ammunition to everybody who asked for them. He also impressed a lot of men and posted them around the town and along the river as guards. They were paid 60 cents a day.

'The patrol was maintained day and night. All the people living on the outskirts of the town packed their beds and bedding and moved inside to get within protection. There were 300 soldiers in the cuartel under Col. Martinez, but not one was turned out to guard the town. That will strike you as curious, of course, but they do strange and curious things in Mexico. The soldiers in the cuartel were all convicts. They are called Pleone, to distinguish them from the Nacionales, or volunteer troops. These convict troops are never let out alone. Why every day before the trouble, they were taken out individually and given a drink of.

'During the excitement I was taken sick. I suffered greatly from the heat, which is simply terrific. I tried to get some of the Mexican women to wait on me, but do you know, though they were nearly starving, they refused to become servants. I could get a woman for a day or two, but no longer. They won't take orders. Besides, all the Mexicans in Potam are terrible cowards.

'Being unable to get any of the women to stay with me and my husband being on duty at the flour mill all night, I slept all alone in my adobe when I was sick. I had a dog and a pistol, but it was a very uneasy time with me. There was no use getting

frightened, but I must confess I was somewhat uneasy. Afterward I slept in the mill. Everybody went to bed with his or her clothes on. My husband was on the cot beside me, and his rifles and pistols were within easy reach. The Indians were only across the river all this time; their numbers were constantly increasing and we could not tell when they might attack the town. When I went to Potam there were only 1,000 Indians there. When I left there were fully 3,000 Yaquis across the river, all armed with the best Mausers and with unlimited ammunition. Every day or so there were encounters between some of our people and the Indians. Many of the Yaquis were captured. The captives were brought into the town and shot. I could bear the shooting. Did I see it? No. I didn't. I saw none of these executions. The Mexicans keep no prisoners in the Yaqui war.

'A short time before I left 900 Mexican soldiers arrived, under command of Gen. Lorezo Torres. The General was wounded in one of the fights. He charged the Indians, told his men to take care of themselves and then went smashing at the Yaquis. He was carried off with a ball through his thigh. He had a very narrow escape. When I left Gen. Torres was in Potam suffering from his wound. His word is law down there. If he says, 'Shoot this man!' that man is shot, and that's the end of it. He is a great Indian fighter and keeps his plans very secret. Once no one knew where he was for about three weeks. Then he suddenly appeared and drove the Yaquis before him. He allows very little information about the war to get out.

'My husband accompanied me on my departure to the Medano, three leagues from Potam. There were ten Mexicans, two Yaqui women and myself in the party. I was always an object of some curiosity to the people, because I was the first American woman that had ever lived in that country. The only woman in the town that spoke English was the wife of Col.

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Martinez.

'Our steamer left the Medano to go down to Yaqui to the Gulf at 11:30 o'clock in the morning. All the men were heavily armed. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon we struck a sandbar and there we stuck until 10 o'clock next morning. It took us five or six more hours to reach Guaymas.

'I shall never forget the trip on that steamer. The food was horrible, the heat was frightful and when one considers the proximity of the Indians and the great danger of the position, the situation was anything but pleasant. I was the only white passenger. The rest were Mexicans and the two Yaqui women.

'At Guaymas I took the railroad and came to San Francisco overland. I have not heard from my husband. The mails are supposed to come every two days but they have been very irregular on account of the uprising.

Large Police Force.

Of all the countries in the world where civil law is enforced, Iceland is undoubtedly the most moderate in the precautions which it takes toward enforcing order.

Iceland, says the Green Bag, is peopled by the descendants of Vikings, including many famous warriors and heroes, but they are so law abiding that they have no need of policemen.

The solitary officer, in spite of his great responsibility, has a very easy time. He is maintained more for ornament and dignity than for use. The Icelanders think it would

not do to have a capital without a policeman, and so they keep one.

This police force is large in one sense. Its member is six feet high, broad shouldered and handsomely uniformed.

Like a Lady.

'Frances,' said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, 'you came down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down stairs like a lady. Harper's Bazar tells how the little maid followed instructions.

Francis retired, and after the lapse of a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

'Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?'

'No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see you can come quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first you made so much noise.'

'The last time I slid down the banisters,' explained Frances.

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